

The Tragedie of Hamlet

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayde at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeepe without an oath Ile make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

(*He answers.*) So would I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.
Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,

When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,

But in battalians: first her Father slaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispsers

For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,

VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Last, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: ô my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdering peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death.

A noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swifsters, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.

The Ocean ouer-peering of his list

Eates not the flats with more impitious hast

Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head

Ore beares your Officres: the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to beginne,

Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,

The ratifiers and props of euery word,

The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,

Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. (*A noise within.*)
O this is counter you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? sirs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot

Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched browe

Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*

That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?

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